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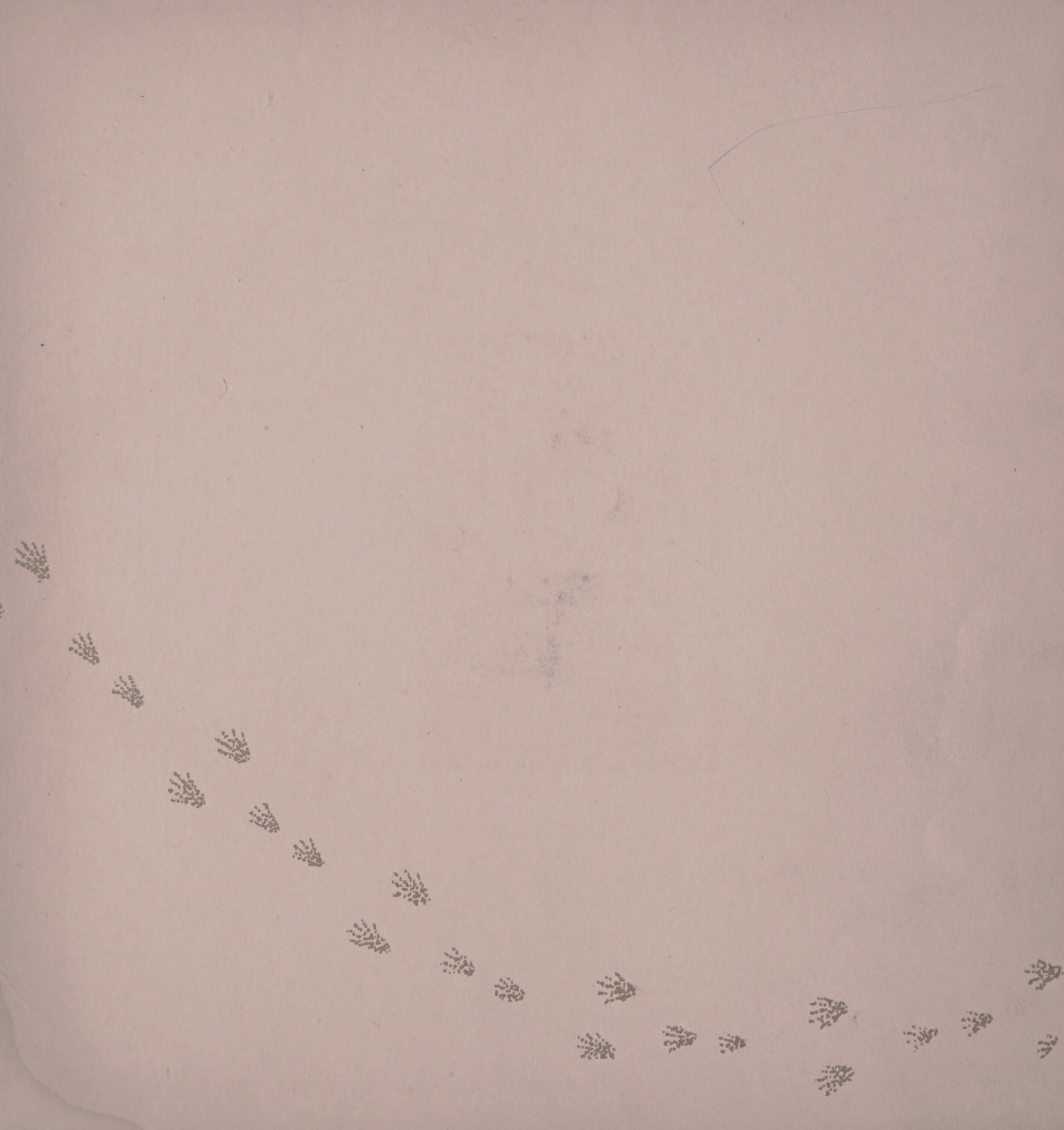


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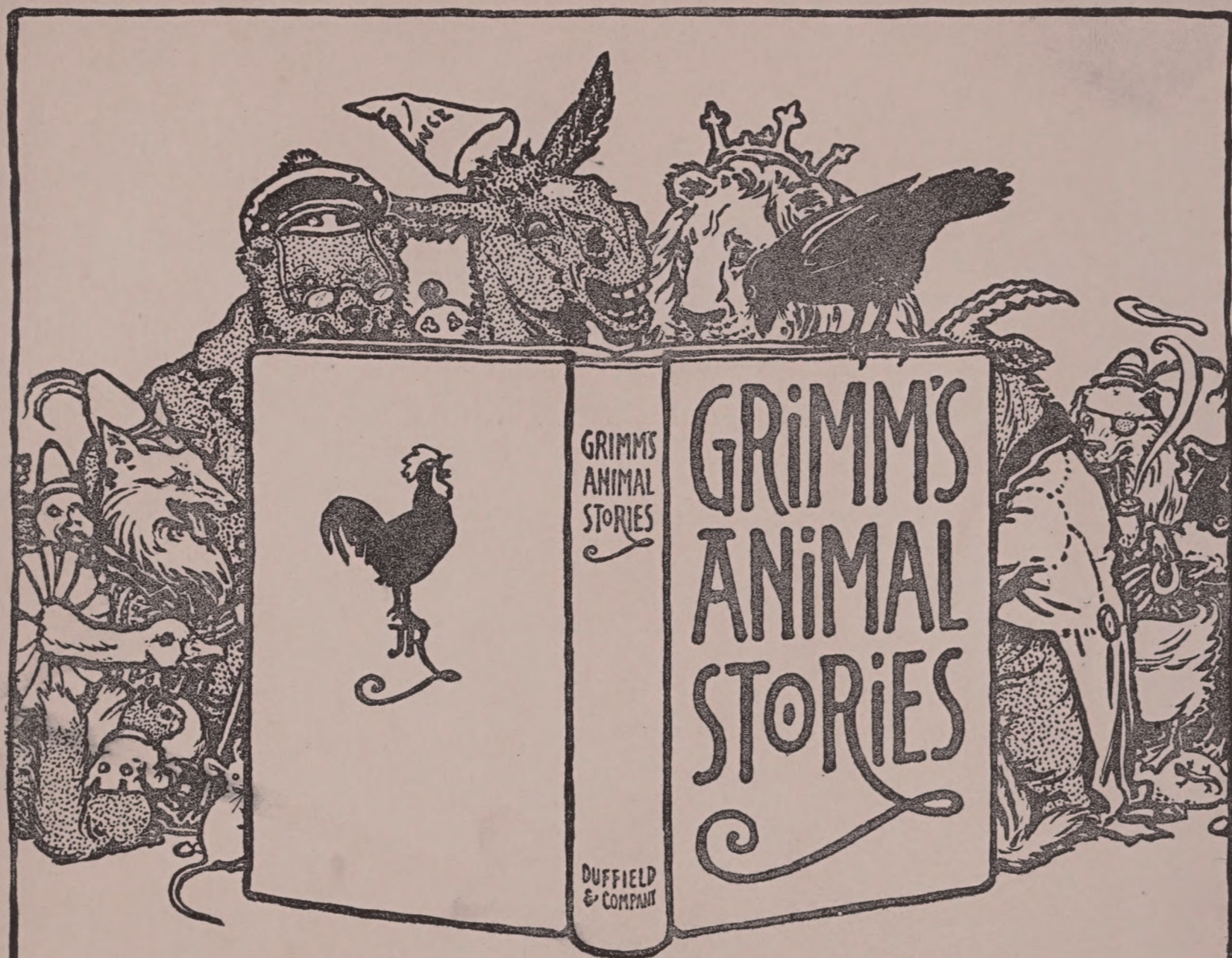
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The Hare is deceived as were the Wolf & Fox





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TABLE of CONTENTS



	PAGE
The Rabbit's Bride	1
The Death of the Hen	4
The Raven	8
The Frog Prince	21
The Cat and the Mouse, Partners	30
The Wolf and the Seven Goslings	36
The Wonderful Musician	43
The Vagabonds	50
The Brother and Sister	55
The Golden Goose	70
The Gallant Tailor	80
The Mouse, the Bird and the Sausage	100
Little Red Riding Hood	104

LIST OF PICTURES



The Hare is deceived as were the Wolf and Fox	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Robbers fight over their spoils	18
The Frog feasts royally	26
The youngest Gosling alone escapes	40
The Simpleton makes the Princess laugh and no wonder	76
The terrible Unicorn is caught by the nimble Tailor	96
The wicked Wolf falls into the trough	110



T H E R A B B I T ' S B R I D E

There was once a woman who lived with her daughter in a beautiful cabbage-garden; and there came a rabbit and ate up all the cabbages. At last said the woman to her daughter,—

“Go into the garden, and drive out the rabbit.”

“Shoo! shoo!” said the maiden; “don’t eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit!”

“Come, maiden,” said the rabbit, “sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit-hutch.” But the maiden would not.

Another day, back came the rabbit, and ate away at the cabbages, until the woman said to her daughter,—

“Go into the garden, and drive away the rabbit.”

“Shoo! shoo!” said the maiden; “don’t eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit!”

“Come, maiden,” said the rabbit, “sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit-hutch.” But the maiden would not.



Again, a third time back came the rabbit, and ate away at the cabbages, until the woman said to her daughter,—

“Go into the garden, and drive away the rabbit.”

“Shoo! shoo!” said the maiden; “don’t eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit!”

“Come, maiden,” said the rabbit, “sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit-hutch.”

And then the girl seated herself on the rabbit’s tail, and the rabbit took her to his hutch.

“Now,” said he, “set to work and cook some bran and cabbage; I am going to bid the wedding guests.” And soon they were all collected. Would you like to know who they were? Well, I can only tell you what was told to me; all the hares came, and the crow who was to be the parson to marry them, and the fox for the clerk; and the altar was under the rainbow. But the maiden was sad because she was so lonely.

“Get up! get up!” said the rabbit; “the wedding folk are



all merry." But the bride wept and said nothing, and the rabbit went away, but very soon came back again.

"Get up! get up!" said he; "the wedding folk are waiting." But the bride said nothing, and the rabbit went away. Then she made a figure of straw, and dressed it in her own clothes, and gave it a red mouth, and set it to watch the kettle of bran, and then she went home to her mother. Back again came the rabbit, saying, "Get up! get up!" and he went up and hit the straw figure on the head, so that it tumbled down.

And the rabbit thought that he had killed his bride, and he went away and was very sad.





T H E D E A T H O F T H E H E N

Once on a time the cock and the hen went to the nut mountain, and they agreed beforehand that whichever of them should find a nut was to divide it with the other. Now the hen found a great big nut, but said nothing about it, and was going to eat it all alone; but the kernel was such a fat one that she could not swallow it down, and it stuck in her throat, so that she was afraid she should choke.

“Cock!” cried she, “run as fast as you can and fetch me some water, or I shall choke!”

So the cock ran as fast as he could to the brook, and said, “Brook, give me some water, the hen is up yonder choking with a big nut stuck in her throat.” But the brook answered, “First run to the bride and ask her for some red silk.”

So the cock ran to the bride and said,—

“Bride, give me some red silk; the brook wants me to give



him some red silk; I want him to give me some water, for the hen lies yonder choking with a big nut stuck in her throat.”

But the bride answered,—

“First go and fetch me my garland that hangs on a willow.” And the cock ran to the willow, and pulled the garland from the bough, and brought it to the bride, and the bride gave him red silk, and he brought it to the brook, and the brook gave him water. So then the cock brought the water to the hen, but alas, it was too late; the hen had choked in the meanwhile, and lay there dead. And the cock was so grieved that he cried aloud, and all the beasts came and lamented for the hen; and six mice built a little wagon on which to carry the poor hen to her grave; and when it was ready they harnessed themselves to it, and the cock drove. On the way they met the fox.

“Halloa, cock,” cried he, “where are you off to?”

“To bury my hen,” answered the cock.

“Can I come too?” said the fox.

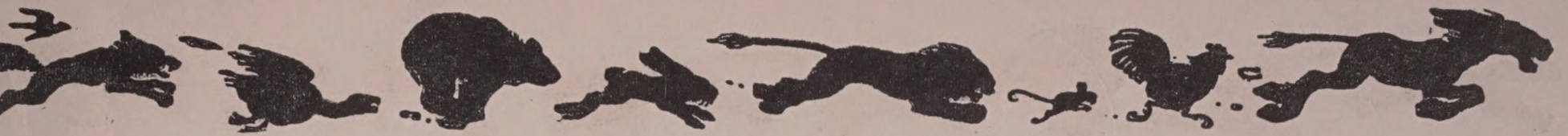


“Yes; if you follow behind,” said the cock.

So the fox followed behind; and he was soon joined by the wolf, the bear, the stag, the lion, and all the beasts in the wood. And the procession went on till they came to a brook.

“How shall we get over?” said the cock. Now in the brook there was a straw, and he said,—

“I will lay myself across, so that you may pass over on me.” But when the six mice had got upon this bridge, the straw slipped and fell into the water, and they all tumbled in and were drowned. So they were as badly off as ever, when a coal came up and said he would lay himself across and they might pass over him; but no sooner had he touched the water than he hissed, went out, and was dead. A stone, seeing this, was touched with pity; and, wishing to help the cock, he laid himself across the stream. And the cock drew the wagon with the dead hen in it safely to the other side, and then began to draw the others who followed behind across too; but it was too much for him,



the wagon turned over, and all tumbled into the water, one on the top of another, and were drowned.

So the cock was left all alone with the dead hen; and he digged a grave and laid her in it, and he raised a mound above her, and sat himself down and lamented so sore that at last he died. And so they were all dead together.





T H E R A V E N

There was once a queen, and she had a little daughter who was as yet a babe in arms; and once the child was so restless that the mother could get no peace, do what she would; so she lost patience—and seeing a flight of ravens passing over the castle, she opened the window and said to her child,—

“Oh, that thou wert a raven, and couldst fly away, that I might be at peace.”

No sooner had she uttered the words than the child was indeed changed into a raven, and fluttered from her arms out of the window. And she flew into a dark wood, and stayed there a long time, and her parents knew nothing of her. Once a man was passing through the wood, and he heard the raven cry, and he followed the voice; and when he came near it said,—

“I was born a king’s daughter, and have been bewitched, but thou canst set me free.”



“What shall I do?” asked the man.

“Go deeper into the wood,” said she, “and thou shalt find a house and an old woman sitting in it: she will offer thee meat and drink, but thou must take none; if thou eatest or drinkest thou fallest into a deep sleep, and canst not set me free at all. In the garden behind the house is a big heap of tan, stand upon that and wait for me. Three days, at about the middle of the day, shall I come to thee, in a car drawn by four white horses the first time, by four red ones the second time, and lastly by four black ones; and if thou art not waking, but sleeping, thou failest to set me free.”

The man promised to do all she said.

“But ah!” cried she, “I know quite well I shall not be set free of thee; something thou wilt surely take from the old woman.”

But the man promised yet once more that certainly he would not touch the meat or the drink. But when he came to the house the old woman came up to him.



“My poor man,” said she to him, “you are quite tired out, come and be refreshed, and eat and drink.”

“No,” said the man; “I will eat and drink nothing.”

But she left him no peace, saying,—

“Even if you eat nothing, take a draught out of this cup once and away.”

So he was over-persuaded, and he drank.

In the afternoon, about two o’clock, he went out into the garden to stand upon the tan-heap and wait for the raven. As he stood there he felt all at once so tired that he could bear it no longer, and laid himself down for a little; but not to sleep. But no sooner was he stretched at length than his eyes closed of themselves, and he fell asleep; and slept so sound, as if nothing in the world could awaken him.

At two o’clock came the raven in the car drawn by four white horses, but she was sad, knowing already that the man would be asleep; and so, when she came into the garden, there



he lay sure enough. And she got out of the car, and shook him and called to him, but he did not wake. The next day at noon the old woman came and brought him meat and drink, but he would take none. But she left him no peace, and persuaded him until he took a draught out of the cup. About two o'clock he went into the garden to stand upon the tan-heap, and to wait for the raven, but he was overcome with so great a weariness that his limbs would no longer hold him up; and whether he would or no he had to lie down, and he fell into a deep sleep. And when the raven came up with her four red horses, she was sad, knowing already that the man would be asleep. And she went up to him, and there he lay, and nothing would wake him.

The next day the old woman came and asked what was the matter with him, and if he wanted to die, that he would neither eat nor drink; but he answered,—

“I neither can nor will eat and drink.”

But she brought the dishes of food and the cup of wine, and



placed them before him; and when the smell came in his nostrils he could not refrain, but took a deep draught. When the hour drew near, he went into the garden and stood on the tan-heap to wait for the king's daughter; as time went on he grew more and more weary, and at last he laid himself down, and slept like a stone. At two o'clock came the raven with four black horses, and the car and all were black; and she was sad, knowing already that he was sleeping, and would not be able to set her free; and when she came up to him, there he lay and slept. She shook him and called to him, but she could not wake him. Then she laid a loaf by his side and some meat, and a flask of wine; for now, however much he ate and drank, it could not matter. And she took a ring of gold from her finger, and put it on his finger, and her name was engraven on it. And lastly she laid by him a letter, in which was set down what she had given him, and that all was of no use; and further also it said,—

“I see that here thou canst not save me; but if thy mind is



to the thing, come to the golden castle of Stromberg. I know well that if thou willst thou canst." And when all this was done, she got again into her car, and went to the golden castle of Stromberg.

When the man waked up and perceived that he had been to sleep, he was sad at heart to think that she had been and gone, and that he had not set her free. Then, catching sight of what lay beside him, he read the letter that told him all. And he rose up, and set off at once to go to the golden castle of Stromberg, though he knew not where it was. And when he had wandered about in the world for a long time, he came to a dark wood, and there spent a fortnight trying to find the way out, and not being able. At the end of this time, it being towards evening, he was so tired that he laid himself down under a clump of bushes and went to sleep. The next day he went on again; and in the evening, when he was going to lie down again to rest, he heard howlings and lamentations, so that



he could not sleep. And about the hour when lamps are lighted, he looked up and saw a light glimmer in the forest; and he got up and followed it, and he found that it came from a house that looked very small indeed, because there stood a giant before it. And the man thought to himself that if he were to try to enter, and the giant were to see him, it would go hard but he should lose his life. At last he made up his mind and walked in. And the giant saw him.

“I am glad thou art come,” said he; “it is now a long time since I have had anything to eat; I shall make a good supper of thee.”

“That may be,” said the man, “but I shall not relish it; besides, if thou desirest to eat, I have somewhat here that may satisfy thee.”

“If that is true,” answered the giant, “thou mayest make thy mind easy; it was only for want of something better that I wished to devour thee.”



Then they went in and placed themselves at the table; and the man brought out bread, meat, and wine in plenty.

“This pleases me well,” said the giant, and he ate to his heart’s content. After a while the man asked him if he could tell him where the golden castle of Stromberg was.

“I will look on my land-chart,” said the giant; “for on it all towns and villages and houses are marked.”

So he fetched the land-chart, which was in his room, and sought for the castle, but it was not to be found.

“Never mind,” said he; “I have up-stairs in the cupboard much bigger maps than this; we will have a look at them.” And so they did, but in vain.

And now the man wanted to pursue his journey; but the giant begged him to stay a few days longer, until his brother, who had gone to get in a store of provisions, should return. When the brother came, they asked him about the golden castle of Stromberg.



“When I have had time to eat a meal and be satisfied, I will look at the map.”

That being done, he went into his room with them, and they looked at his maps, but could find nothing. Then he fetched other old maps, and they never left off searching until they found the golden castle of Stromberg; but it was many thousand miles away.

“How shall I ever get there?” said the man.

“I have a couple of hours to spare,” said the giant, “and I will set you on your way; but I shall have to come back and look after the child that we have in the house with us.”

Then the giant bore the man until within about a hundred hours’ journey from the castle, and saying,—

“You can manage the rest of the way by yourself,” he departed; and the man went on day and night, until at last he came to the golden castle of Stromberg. It stood on a mountain of glass, and he could see the enchanted princess driving round



it, and then passing inside the gates. He was rejoiced when he saw her, and began at once to climb the mountain to get to her; but it was so slippery, as fast as he went he fell back again. And when he saw this he felt he should never reach her; and he was full of grief, and resolved at least to stay at the foot of the mountain and wait for her. So he built himself a hut, and sat there and waited a whole year; and every day he saw the princess drive round and pass in, and was never able to reach her.

One day he looked out of his hut and saw three robbers fighting, and he called out, "Mercy on us!" Hearing a voice they stopped for a moment, but went on again beating one another in a dreadful manner.

And he cried out again, "Mercy on us!" They stopped and listened, and looked about them, and then went on again.

And he cried out a third time, "Mercy on us!" and then,



thinking he would go and see what was the matter, he went out and asked them what they were fighting for.

One of them told him he had found a stick which would open any door only by knocking at it; the second said he had found a cloak which, if he put it on, made him invisible; the third said he was possessed of a horse that would ride over everything, even the glass mountain. Now they had fought because they could not agree whether they should enjoy these things in common or separately.

“Suppose we make a bargain,” said the man; “it is true I have no money, but I have other things yet more valuable to exchange for these; I must, however, make trial of them beforehand, to see if you have spoken truth concerning them.”

So they let him mount the horse, and put the cloak round him, and they gave him the stick into his hand, and as soon as he had all this he was no longer to be seen; but



The Robbers' Feast





laying about him well, he gave them all a sound thrashing, crying out,—

“Now you good-for-nothing fellows, you have got what you deserve; perhaps you will be satisfied now!”

Then he rode up the glass mountain, and when he reached the castle gates he found them locked; but he beat with his stick upon the door, and it opened at once. And he walked in, and up the stairs to the great room where sat the princess with a golden cup and wine before her: she could not see him so long as the cloak was on him, but drawing near to her he pulled off the ring she had given him, and threw it into the cup with a clang.

“This is my ring,” she cried; “and the man who is to set me free must be here too!”

But though she sought through the whole castle she found him not. He had gone outside, seated himself on his horse, and thrown off the cloak. And when she came to look



out at the door, she saw him, and shrieked out for joy; and he dismounted and took her in his arms, and she kissed him, saying,—

“Now hast thou set me free from my enchantment, and to-morrow we will be married.”





T H E F R O G P R I N C E

In the old times, when it was still of some use to wish for the thing one wanted, there lived a king whose daughters were all handsome; but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun himself, who has seen so much, wondered each time he shone over her because of her beauty. Near the royal castle there was a great dark wood, and in the wood under an old linden-tree was a well; and when the day was hot, the king's daughter used to go forth into the wood, and sit by the brink of the cool well; and if the time seemed long, she would take out a golden ball, and throw it up and catch it again, and this was her favorite pastime.

Now, it happened one day that the golden ball, instead of falling back into the maiden's little hand which had sent it aloft, dropped to the ground near the edge of the well, and rolled in. The king's daughter followed it with her eyes as it



sank; but the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. Then she began to weep, and she wept and wept as if she could never be comforted. And in the midst of her weeping she heard a voice saying to her,—

“What ails thee, king’s daughter? Thy tears would melt a heart of stone.”

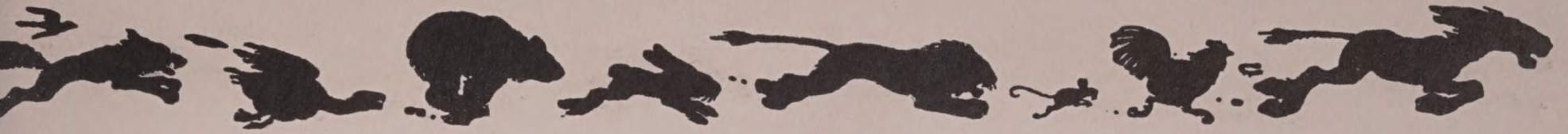
And when she looked to see where the voice came from, there was nothing but a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water.

“Oh! is it you, old waddler?” said she; “I weep because my golden ball has fallen into the well.”

“Never mind; do not weep,” answered the frog. “I can help you; but what will you give me if I fetch up your ball again?”

“Whatever you like, dear frog,” said she; “any of my clothes, my pearls and jewels, or even the golden crown that I wear.”

“Thy clothes, thy pearls and jewels, and thy golden crown



are not for me," answered the frog; "but if thou wouldst love me, and have me for thy companion and playfellow, and let me sit by thee at table, and eat from thy plate, and drink from thy cup, and sleep in thy little bed—if thou wouldst promise all this, then would I dive below the water, and fetch thee thy golden ball again."

"Oh, yes!" she answered; "I will promise it all, whatever you want, if you will only get me my ball again."

But she thought to herself, "What nonsense he talks! As if he could do anything but sit in the water and croak with the other frogs, or could possibly be anyone's companion!"

But the frog, as soon as he heard her promise, drew his head under the water, and sank down out of sight; but after a while he came to the surface again with the ball in his mouth, and he threw it on the grass.

The king's daughter was overjoyed to see her pretty plaything again, and she caught it up and ran off with it.



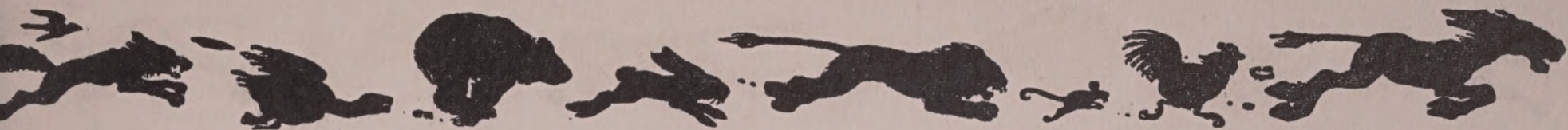
“Stop, stop!” cried the frog. “Take me up too; I cannot run as fast as you!”

But it was of no use; for, croak, croak after her as he might, she would not listen to him, but made haste home, and very soon forgot all about the poor frog, who had to betake himself to his well again.

The next day, when the king’s daughter was sitting at table with the king and all the court, and eating from her golden plate, there came something pitter-patter up the marble stairs; and then there came a knocking at the door, and a voice crying,—

“Youngest king’s daughter, let me in!”

And she got up and ran to see who it could be; but when she opened the door, there was the frog sitting outside. Then she shut the door hastily, and went back to her seat, feeling very uneasy. The king noticed how quickly her heart was beating, and said,—



“My child, what are you afraid of? Is there a giant standing at the door ready to carry you away?”

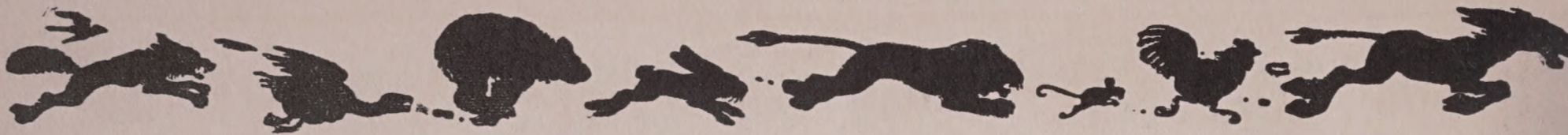
“Oh, no,” answered she; “no giant, but a horrid frog!”

“And what does the frog want?” asked the king.

“Oh, dear father,” answered she, “when I was sitting by the well yesterday, and playing with my golden ball, it fell into the water; and while I was crying for the loss of it, the frog came and got it again for me on condition I would let him be my companion; but I never thought that he could leave the water and come after me. But now there he is outside the door, and he wants to come in to me.”

And then they all heard him knocking the second time, and crying,—

“Youngest king’s daughter,
Open to me!
By the well water
What promised you me?
Youngest king’s daughter,
Now open to me!”



“That which thou hast promised must thou perform,” said the king. “So go now and let him in.”

So she went and opened the door; and the frog hopped in, following at her heels, till she reached her chair. Then he stopped and cried,—

“Lift me up to sit by you.”

But she delayed doing so until the king ordered her. When once the frog was on the chair, he wanted to get on the table; and there he sat and said,—

“Now push your golden plate a little nearer, so that we may eat together.”

And so she did, but everybody might see how unwilling she was. And the frog feasted heartily, but every morsel seemed to stick in her throat.

“I have had enough now,” said the frog at last; “and as I am tired, you must carry me to your room, and make ready your silken bed, and we will lie down and go to sleep.”



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Then the king's daughter began to weep, and was afraid of the cold frog that nothing would satisfy but he must sleep in her pretty, clean bed. Now the king grew angry with her, saying,—

“That which thou hast promised in thy time of necessity, must thou now perform.”

So she picked up the frog with her finger and thumb, carried him up-stairs, and put him in a corner; and when she had lain down to sleep, he came creeping up, saying, “I am tired, and want sleep as much as you; take me up, or I will tell your father.”

Then she felt beside herself with rage; and picking him up, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, crying,—

“Now will you be quiet, you horrid frog?”

But as he fell, he ceased to be a frog, and became all at once a prince with beautiful kind eyes. And it came to pass that,



with her father's consent, they became bride and bridegroom. And he told her how a wicked witch had bound him by her spells, and how no one but she alone could have released him, and that they two would go together to his father's kingdom. And there came to the door a carriage drawn by eight white horses, with white plumes on their heads, and with golden harness; and behind the carriage was standing faithful Henry, the servant of the young prince. Now, faithful Henry had suffered such care and pain when his master was turned into a frog, that he had been obliged to wear three iron bands over his heart, to keep it from breaking with trouble and anxiety. When the carriage started to take the prince to his kingdom, and faithful Henry had helped them both in, he got up behind, and was full of joy at his master's deliverance. And when they had gone a part of the way, the prince heard a sound at the back of the carriage as if something had broken, and he turned round and cried,—



“Henry, the wheel must be breaking!” but Henry answered,—

“The wheel does not break,
'Tis the band round my heart,
That, to lessen its ache,
When I grieved for your sake,
I bound round my heart.”

Again, and yet once again, there was the same sound; and the prince thought it must be the wheel breaking, but it was the breaking of the other bands from faithful Henry's heart, because it was now so relieved and happy.





THE CAT AND THE MOUSE, PARTNERS

A cat, having made acquaintance with a mouse, professed such great love and friendship for her, that the mouse at last agreed that they should live and keep house together.

“We must make provision for the winter,” said the cat, “or we shall suffer hunger; and you, little mouse, must not stir out, or you will be caught in a trap.”

So they took counsel together, and bought a little pot of fat. And then they could not tell where to put it for safety; but after long consideration the cat said there could not be a better place than the church, for nobody would steal there; and they would put it under the altar, and not touch it until they were really in want. So this was done, and the little pot placed in safety.

But before long the cat was seized with a great wish to taste it.

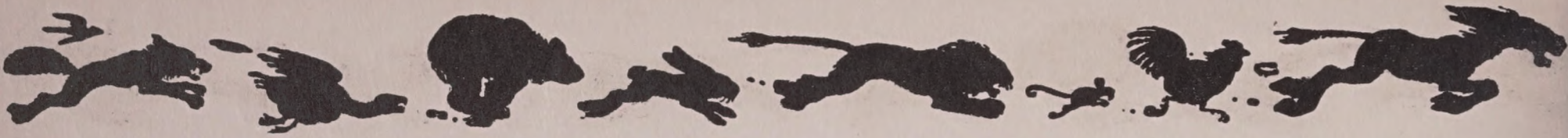


“Listen to me, little mouse,” said he; “I have been asked by my cousin to stand godfather to a little son she has brought into the world; he is white with brown spots; and they want to have the christening to-day, so let me go to it, and you stay at home and keep house.”

“Oh, yes, certainly,” answered the mouse, “pray go by all means; and when you are feasting on all the good things, think of me; I should so like a drop of the sweet red wine.”

But there was not a word of truth in all this; the cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to stand godfather. He went to the church, straight up to the little pot, and licked the fat off the top; then he took a walk over the roofs of the town, saw his acquaintances, stretched himself in the sun, and licked his whiskers as often as he thought of the little pot of fat; and then when it was evening he went home.

“Here you are at last,” said the mouse; “I expect you have had a merry time.”



“Oh, pretty well,” answered the cat.

“And what name did you give the child?” asked the mouse.

“Top-off,” answered the cat dryly.

“Top-off!” cried the mouse, “that is a singular and wonderful name! is it common in your family?”

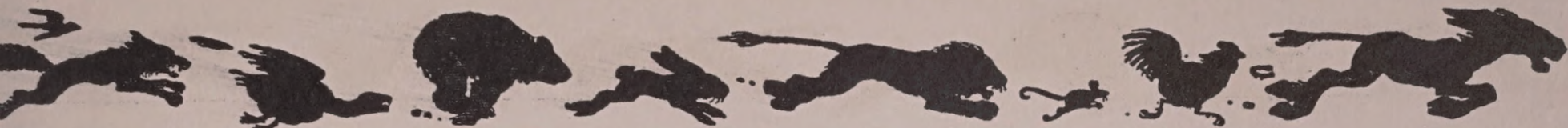
“What does it matter?” said the cat; “it’s not any worse than Crumb-picker, like your godchild.”

A little time after this the cat was again seized with a longing.

“Again I must ask you,” said he to the mouse, “to do me a favor, and keep house alone for a day. I have been asked a second time to stand godfather; and as the little one has a white ring round its neck, I cannot well refuse.”

So the kind little mouse consented; and the cat crept along by the town wall until he reached the church, and going straight to the little pot of fat, devoured half of it.

“Nothing tastes so well as what one keeps to one’s self,”



said he, feeling quite content with his day's work. When he reached home, the mouse asked what name had been given to the child. "Half-gone," answered the cat.

"Half-gone!" cried the mouse, "I never heard of such a name in my life! I'll bet it's not to be found in the calendar."

Soon after that the cat's mouth began to water again for the fat. "Good things always come in threes," said he to the mouse; "again I have been asked to stand godfather; the little one is quite black with white feet, and not any white hair on its body; such a thing does not happen every day, so you will let me go, won't you?"

"Top-off, Half-gone," murmured the mouse; "they are such curious names, I cannot but wonder at them!"

"That's because you are always sitting at home," said the cat, "in your little gray frock and hairy tail, never seeing the world, and fancying all sorts of things." So the little mouse cleaned the house up, and set it all in order. Meanwhile



the greedy cat went and made an end of the little pot of fat.

“Now all is finished, one’s mind will be easy,” said he, and came home in the evening quite sleek and comfortable.

The mouse asked at once what name had been given to the third child. “It won’t please you any better than the others,” answered the cat. “It is called All-gone.”

“All-gone!” cried the mouse. “What an unheard-of name! I never met with anything like it! All-gone! whatever can it mean?” And shaking her head, she curled herself round and went to sleep. After that the cat was not again asked to stand godfather.

When the winter had come, and there was nothing more to be had out-of-doors, the mouse began to think of their store. “Come, cat,” said she, “we will fetch our pot of fat; how good it will taste, to be sure!”

“Of course it will,” said the cat; “just as good as if you stuck your tongue out of the window!”



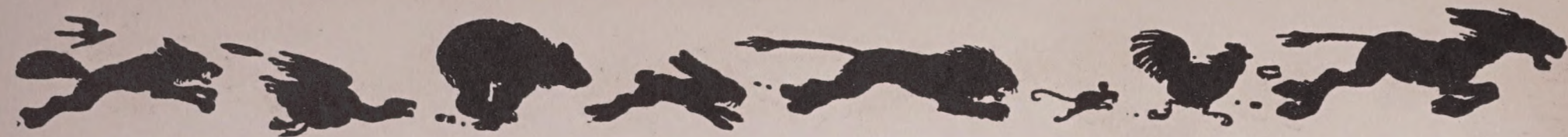
So they set out; and when they reached the place, they found the pot, but it was standing empty.

“Oh, now I know what it all meant!” cried the mouse; “now I see what sort of a partner you have been! Instead of standing godfather you have devoured it all up; first Top-off, then Half-gone, then”—

“Will you hold your tongue?” screamed the cat; “another word and I devour you too!”

And the poor little mouse, having “All-gone” on her tongue, out it came, and the cat leaped upon her and made an end of her. And that is the way of the world.





THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

There was once an old goose who had seven little ones, and was as fond of them as ever mother was of her children. One day she had to go into the wood to fetch food for them, so she called them all round her.

“Dear children,” said she, “I am going out into the wood; and while I am gone, be on your guard against the wolf; for if he were once to get inside he would eat you up, skin, bones, and all. The wretch often disguises himself, but he may always be known by his hoarse voice and black paws.”

“Dear mother,” answered the goslings, “you need not be afraid; we will take good care of ourselves.” And the mother bleated good-by, and went on her way with an easy mind.

It was not long before some one came knocking at the house-door, and crying out,—



“Open the door, my dear children; your mother is come back, and has brought each of you something.”

But the little geese knew it was the wolf by the hoarse voice.

“We will not open the door,” cried they; “you are not our mother; she has a delicate and sweet voice, and your voice is hoarse; you must be the wolf.”

Then off went the wolf to a shop, and bought a big lump of chalk, and ate it up to make his voice soft. And then he came back, knocked at the house-door, and cried,—

“Open the door, my dear children; your mother is here, and has brought each of you something.”

But the wolf had put up his black paws against the window; and the goslings, seeing this, cried out,—

“We will not open the door; our mother has no black paws like you; you must be the wolf.”

The wolf then ran to a baker.



“Baker,” said he, “I am hurt in the foot; pray spread some dough over the place.”

And when the baker had plastered his feet, he ran to the miller.

“Miller,” said he, “strew me some white meal over my paws.” But the miller refused, thinking the wolf must be meaning harm to some one.

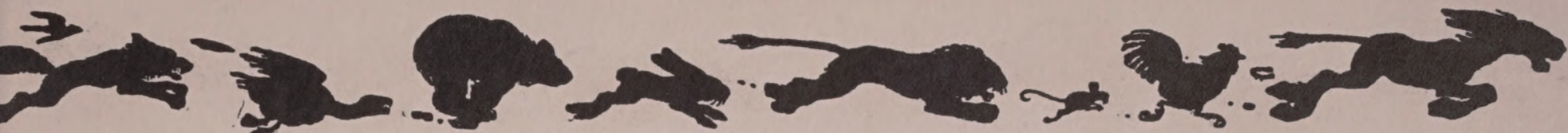
“If you don’t do it,” cried the wolf, “I’ll eat you up!”

And the miller was afraid, and did as he was told. And that just shows what men are.

And now came the rogue the third time to the door and knocked. “Open, children,” cried he; “your dear mother has come home, and brought you each something from the wood.”

“First show us your paws,” said the goslings, “so that we may know if you are really our mother or not.”

And he put up his paws against the window; and when they saw that they were white, all seemed right, and they opened



the door; and when he was inside they saw it was the wolf, and they were terrified and tried to hide themselves. One ran under the table, the second got into the bed, the third into the oven, the fourth in the kitchen, the fifth in the cupboard, the sixth under the sink, the seventh in the clock-case. But the wolf found them all, and gave them short shrift; one after the other he swallowed down, all but the youngest, who was hid in the clock-case. And so the wolf, having got what he wanted, strolled forth into the green meadows, and laying himself down under a tree, he fell asleep.

Not long after the mother goose came back from the wood; and, oh! what a sight met her eyes! the door was standing wide open, table, chairs, and stools, all thrown about, dishes broken, quilt and pillows torn off the bed. She sought her children, they were nowhere to be found. She called to each of them by name; but nobody answered, until she came to the name of the youngest.



“Here I am, mother,” a little voice cried, “here in the clock-case.”

And so she helped him out, and heard how the wolf had come and eaten all the rest. And you may think how she cried for the loss of her dear children. At last in her grief she wandered out-of-doors, and the youngest gosling with her; and when they came into the meadow, there they saw the wolf lying under a tree, and snoring so that the branches shook. The mother goose looked at him carefully on all sides, and she noticed how something inside his body was moving and struggling.

“Dear me!” thought she, “can it be that my poor children that he devoured for his evening meal are still alive?” And she sent the little gosling back to the house for a pair of shears, and needle and thread. Then she cut the wolf’s body open; and no sooner had she made one snip than out came the head of one of the goslings, and then another snip, and then one

he
youngest
Gosling
alone
escapes





after the other the six little goslings all jumped out alive and well; for in his greediness the rogue had swallowed them down whole. How delightful this was! so they comforted their dear mother, and hopped about like tailors at a wedding.

“Now fetch some good hard stones,” said the mother, “and we will fill his body with them as he lies asleep.”

And so they fetched some in all haste, and put them inside him, and the mother sewed him up so quickly again that he was none the wiser.

When the wolf at last awoke and got up, the stones inside him made him feel very thirsty; and as he was going to the brook to drink, they struck and rattled one against another. And so he cried out:—

“What is this I feel inside me,
Knocking hard against my bones?
How should such a thing betide me!
They were geese, and now they’re stones.”

So he came to the brook, and stooped to drink; but the



heavy stones weighed him down, so he fell over into the water and was drowned. And when the seven little geese saw it they came up running.

“The wolf is dead, the wolf is dead!” they cried; and taking hands, they danced with their mother all about the place.





THE WONDERFUL MUSICIAN

There was once a wonderful musician, and he was one day walking through a wood all alone, thinking of this and that; and when he had nothing more left to think about, he said to himself,—

“I shall grow tired of being in this wood, so I will bring out a good companion.”

So he took the fiddle that hung at his back, and fiddled so that the wood echoed. Before long a wolf came through the thicket and trotted up to him.

“Oh, here comes a wolf! I had no particular wish for such company,” said the musician; but the wolf drew nearer, and said to him,—

“Ho, you musician, how finely you play! I must learn how to play too.”

“That is easily done,” answered the musician; “you have only to do exactly as I tell you.”



“O musician,” said the wolf, “I will obey you as a scholar does his master.”

The musician told him to come with him. As they went a part of the way together they came to an old oak-tree, which was hollow within and cleft through the middle.

“Look here,” said the musician, “if you want to learn how to fiddle, you must put your forefeet in this cleft.”

The wolf obeyed; but the musician took up a stone and quickly wedged both his paws with one stroke, so fast that the wolf was a prisoner, and there obliged to stop.

“Stay there until I come back again,” said the musician; and went his way. After a while he said again to himself,—

“I shall grow weary here in this wood: I will bring out another companion;” and he took his fiddle and fiddled away in the wood. Before long a fox came slinking through the trees.

“Oh, here comes a fox!” said the musician; “I had no particular wish for such company.”



The fox came up to him and said,—

“O my dear musician, how finely you play! I must learn how to play too.”

“That is easily done,” said the musician; “you have only to do exactly as I tell you.”

“O musician,” answered the fox, “I will obey you as a scholar his master.”

“Follow me,” said the musician; and as they went a part of the way together they came to a footpath with a high hedge on each side. Then the musician stopped, and taking hold of a hazel-branch bent it down to the earth, and put his foot on the end of it; then he bent down a branch from the other side, and said, “Come on, little fox, if you wish to learn something reach me your left forefoot.”

The fox obeyed, and the musician bound the foot to the left-hand branch.

“Now, little fox,” said he, “reach me the right one;” then



he bound it to the right-hand branch. And when he had seen that the knots were fast enough he let go, and the branches flew back and caught up the fox, shaking and struggling, in the air.

“Wait there until I come back again,” said the musician; and went his way.

By and by he said to himself, “I shall grow weary in this wood; I will bring out another companion.”

So he took his fiddle, and the sound echoed through the wood. Then a hare sprang out before him.

“Oh, here comes a hare!” said he; “that’s not what I want.”

“Ah, my dear musician,” said the hare, “how finely you play! I should like to learn how to play too.”

“That is soon done,” said the musician; “only you must do whatever I tell you.”

“O musician,” answered the hare, “I will obey you as a scholar his master.”



So they went a part of the way together, until they came to a clear place in the wood where there stood an aspen-tree. The musician tied a long string round the neck of the hare, and knotted the other end of it to the tree.

“Now then, courage, little hare! run twenty times round the tree!” cried the musician; and the hare obeyed. As he ran round the twentieth time the string had wound twenty times round the tree trunk, and the hare was imprisoned, and pull and tug as he would he only cut his tender neck with the string. “Wait there until I come back again,” said the musician; and walked on.

The wolf meanwhile had struggled and pulled, and bitten at the stone, and worked away so long, that at last he made his paws free and got himself out of the cleft. Full of anger and fury he hastened after the musician to tear him to pieces. When the fox saw him run by he began groaning, and cried out with all his might,—



“O Brother wolf, come and help me! the musician has betrayed me.” The wolf then pulled the branches down, bit the knots in two, and set the fox free; and he went with him to take vengeance on the musician. They found the imprisoned hare, and set him likewise free, and then they all went on together to seek their enemy.

The musician had once more played his fiddle, and this time he had been more fortunate. The sound had reached the ears of a poor woodcutter, who immediately, and in spite of himself, left his work, and, with his axe under his arm, came to listen to the music.

“At last here comes the right sort of companion,” said the musician; “it was a man I wanted, and not wild animals.” And then he began to play so sweetly that the poor man stood as if enchanted, and his heart was filled with joy. And as he was standing there, up came the wolf, the fox, and the hare, and he could easily see that they meant mischief. Then he



raised his shining axe, and stood in front of the musician, as if to say,—

“Whoever means harm to him had better take care of himself, for he will have to do with me!”

Then the animals were frightened, and ran back into the wood; and the musician, when he had played once more to the man to show his gratitude, went on his way.





T H E V A G A B O N D S

The cock said to the hen,—

“It is nutting-time; let us go together to the mountains and have a good feast for once, before the squirrels come and carry all away.”

“Yes,” answered the hen, “come along; we will have a jolly time together.”

Then they set off together to the mountains, and as it was a fine day they stayed there till the evening. Now, whether it was that they had eaten so much, or because of their pride and haughtiness, I do not know; but they would not go home on foot: so the cock set to work to make a little carriage out of nutshells. When it was ready, the hen seated herself in it, and said to the cock,—

“Now you can harness yourself to it.”

“That’s all very fine,” said the cock, “I would sooner go



home on foot than do such a thing; and I never agreed to it. I don't mind being coachman, and sitting on the box; but as to drawing it myself, it's quite out of the question."

As they were wrangling, a duck came quacking,—

"You thieving vagabonds, who told you you might go to my mountain? Look out, or it will be the worse for you!" and flew at the cock with bill wide open. But the cock was not backward, and he gave the duck a good dig in the body, and hacked at her with his spurs so valiantly that she begged for mercy, and willingly allowed herself to be harnessed to the carriage. Then the cock seated himself on the box and was coachman; so off they went at a great pace, the cock crying out, "Run, duck, as fast as you can!"

When they had gone a part of the way they met two foot passengers,—a pin and a needle. They cried, "Stop! stop!" and said that it would soon be blind-man's holiday; that they could not go a step farther; that the ways were very muddy;



might they just get in for a little? they had been standing at the door of the tailors' house of call, and had been delayed because of beer.

The cock, seeing they were slender folks that would not take up a great deal of room, let them both step in, only they must promise not to tread on his toes nor on the hen's.

Late in the evening they came to an inn, and there they found that they could not go any farther that night, as the duck's paces were not good, she waddled so much from side to side; so they turned in. The landlord at first made some difficulty; his house was full already, and he thought they had no very distinguished appearance. At last, however, when they had made many fine speeches, and had promised him the egg that the hen had laid on the way, and that he should keep the duck, who laid one every day, he agreed to let them stay the night; and so they had a very gay time.

Early in the morning, when it was beginning to grow light,



and everybody was still asleep, the cock waked up the hen, fetched the egg, and made a hole in it, and they ate it up between them, and put the eggshell on the hearth. Then they went up to the needle, who was still sleeping, picked him up by his head, and stuck him in the landlord's chair-cushion, and having also placed the pin in his towel, off they flew over the hills and far away. The duck, who had chosen to sleep in the open air, and had remained in the yard, heard the rustling of their wings, and, waking up, looked about till she found a brook, down which she swam a good deal faster than she had drawn the carriage.

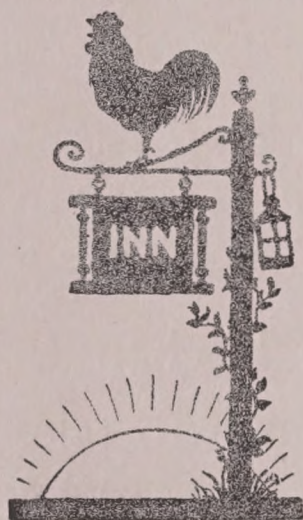
A few hours later the landlord woke, and, leaving his feather-bed, began washing himself; but when he took the towel to dry himself he drew the pin all across his face, and made a red streak from ear to ear. Then he went into the kitchen to light his pipe, but when he stooped towards the hearth to take up a coal, the eggshell flew in his eyes.



“Everything goes wrong this morning,” said he, and let himself drop, full of vexation, into his grandfather’s chair; but up he jumped in a moment, crying, “Oh, dear!” for the needle had gone into him.

Now he became angry, and had his suspicions of the guests who had arrived so late the evening before; and when he looked round for them they were nowhere to be seen.

Then he swore that he would never more harbor such vagabonds, that consumed so much, paid nothing, and played such nasty tricks into the bargain.





THE BROTHER AND SISTER

The brother took his sister's hand and said to her,—

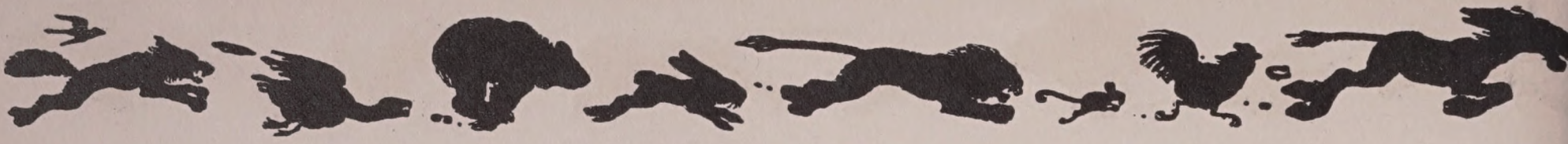
“Since our mother died we have had no good days; our step-mother beats us every day, and if we go near her she kicks us away. We have nothing to eat but hard crusts of bread left over: the dog under the table fares better; he gets a good piece every now and then. If our mother only knew, how she would pity us! Come, let us go together out into the wide world!”

So they went, and journeyed the whole day through fields and meadows and stony places, and if it rained the sister said,—

“The skies and we are weeping together.”

In the evening they came to a great wood, and they were so weary with hunger and their long journey that they climbed up into a high tree and fell asleep.

The next morning, when they awoke, the sun was high in



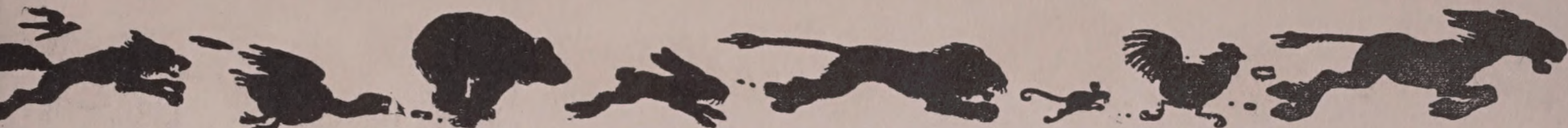
heaven, and shone brightly through the leaves. Then said the brother,—

“Sister, I am thirsty; if I only knew where to find a brook, that I might go and drink! I almost think that I hear one rushing.” So the brother got down and led his sister by the hand, and they went to seek the brook. But their wicked stepmother was a witch, and had known quite well that the two children had run away, and had sneaked after them, as only witches can, and had laid a spell on all the brooks in the forest. So when they found a little stream flowing smoothly over its pebbles, the brother was going to drink of it; but the sister heard how it said in its rushing,—

“He a tiger will be who drinks of me,
Who drinks of me a tiger will be!”

Then the sister cried,—

“Pray, dear brother, do not drink, or you will become a wild beast, and will tear me in pieces.”



So the brother refrained from drinking, though his thirst was great, and he said he would wait till he came to the next brook. When they came to a second brook the sister heard it say,—

“He a wolf will be who drinks of me,
Who drinks of me a wolf will be!”

Then the sister cried,—

“Pray, dear brother, do not drink, or you will be turned into a wolf, and will eat me up!”

So the brother refrained from drinking, and said,—

“I will wait until we come to the next brook, and then I must drink, whatever you say, my thirst is so great.”

And when they came to the third brook the sister heard how in its rushing it said,—

“Who drinks of me a fawn will be,
He a fawn will be who drinks of me!”

Then the sister said,—

“O my brother, I pray drink not, or you will be turned into a fawn, and run away far from me.”



But he had already kneeled by the side of the brook and stooped and drunk of the water; and as the first drops passed his lips he became a fawn.

And the sister wept over her poor lost brother, and the fawn wept also, and stayed sadly beside her. At last the maiden said,—

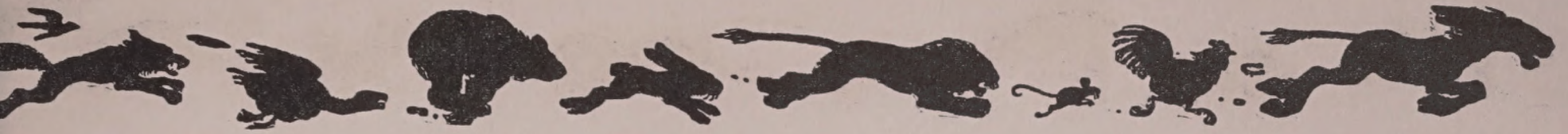
“Be comforted, dear fawn; indeed I will never leave you.”

Then she untied her golden girdle and bound it round the fawn’s neck, and went and gathered rushes to make a soft cord, which she fastened to him; and then she led him on, and they went deeper into the forest.

And when they had gone a long, long way, they came at last to a little house, and the maiden looked inside, and as it was empty, she thought,—

“We might as well live here.”

And she fetched leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn, and every morning she went out and gathered roots and



berries and nuts for herself, and fresh grass for the fawn, who ate out of her hand with joy, frolicking round her. At night, when the sister was tired, and had said her prayers, she laid her head on the fawn's back which served her for a pillow, and softly fell asleep.

And if only the brother could have got back his own shape again, it would have been a charming life. So they lived a long while in the wilderness alone.

Now it happened that the king of that country held a great hunt in the forest. The blowing of the horns, the barking of the dogs, and the lusty shouts of the huntsmen, sounded through the wood, and the fawn heard them and was eager to be among them.

"Oh," said he to his sister, "do let me go to the hunt; I cannot stay behind any longer;" and begged so long that at last she consented.

"But mind," said she to him, "come back to me at night.



I must lock my door against the wild hunters; so, in order that I may know you, you must knock and say, ‘Little sister, let me in;’ and unless I hear that I shall not unlock the door.”

Then the fawn sprang out, and felt glad and merry in the open air. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful animal, and began at once to pursue him; but they could not come within reach of him, for when they thought they were certain of him he sprang away over the bushes and disappeared. As soon as it was dark he went back to the little house, knocked at the door, and said,—

“Little sister, let me in.”

Then the door was opened to him, and he went in, and rested the whole night long on his soft bed. The next morning the hunt began anew; and when the fawn heard the hunting-horns and the tally-ho of the huntsmen he could rest no longer, and said,—



“Little sister, let me out, I must go.” The sister opened the door, and said, “Now, mind you must come back at night and say the same words.”

When the king and his hunters saw the fawn with the golden collar again, they chased him closely, but he was too nimble and swift for them. This lasted the whole day; and at last the hunters surrounded him, and one of them wounded his foot a little, so that he was obliged to limp and to go slowly. Then a hunter slipped after him to the little house, and heard how he called out, “Little sister, let me in,” and saw the door open and shut again after him directly. The hunter noticed all this carefully, went to the king, and told him all he had seen and heard. Then said the king,—

“To-morrow we will hunt again.”

But the sister was very terrified when she saw that her fawn was wounded. She washed his foot, laid cooling leaves round it, and said, “Lie down on your bed, dear fawn, and rest, that



you may be soon well.” The wound was very slight, so that the fawn felt nothing of it the next morning. And when he heard the noise of the hunting outside, he said,—

“I cannot stay in, I must go after them; I shall not be taken easily again!” The sister began to weep, and said,—

“I know you will be killed, and I left alone here in the forest, and forsaken of everybody. I cannot let you go!”

“Then I shall die here with longing,” answered the fawn; “when I hear the sound of the horn I feel as if I should leap out of my skin.”

Then the sister, seeing there was no help for it, unlocked the door with a heavy heart, and the fawn bounded away into the forest, well and merry. When the king saw him, he said to his hunters,—

“Now, follow him up all day long till the night comes, and see that you do him no hurt.”

So as soon as the sun had gone down, the king said to the



huntsmen, "Now, come and show me the little house in the wood."

And when he got to the door he knocked at it, and cried,—
"Little sister, let me in!"

Then the door opened, and the king went in, and there stood a maiden more beautiful than any he had seen before. The maiden shrieked out when she saw, instead of the fawn, a man standing there with a gold crown on his head. But the king looked kindly on her, took her by the hand, and said,—

"Will you go with me to my castle, and be my dear wife?"

"Oh, yes," answered the maiden; "but the fawn must come too. I could not leave him." And the king said,—

"He shall remain with you as long as you live, and shall lack nothing." Then the fawn came bounding in, and the sister tied the cord of rushes to him, and led him by her own hand out of the little house.

The king put the beautiful maiden on his horse, and carried



her to his castle, where the wedding was held with great pomp; so she became lady queen, and they lived together happily for a long while; the fawn was well tended and cherished, and he gambolled about the castle garden.

Now the wicked stepmother, whose fault it was that the children were driven out into the world, never dreamed but that the sister had been eaten up by wild beasts in the forest, and that the brother, in the likeness of a fawn, had been slain by the hunters. But when she heard that they were so happy, and that things had gone so well with them, jealousy and envy arose in her heart, and left her no peace; and her chief thought was how to bring misfortune upon them.

Her own daughter, who was as ugly as sin, and had only one eye, complained to her, and said,—

“I never had the chance of being a queen.”

“Never mind,” said the old woman, to satisfy her; “when the time comes, I shall be at hand.”



After a while the queen brought a beautiful baby-boy into the world, and that day the king was out hunting. The old witch took the shape of the bed-chamber woman, and went into the room where the queen lay, and said to her,—

“Come, the bath is ready; it will give you refreshment and new strength. Quick, or it will be cold.”

Her daughter was within call, so they carried the sick queen into the bathroom, and left her there. And in the bathroom they had made a great fire, so as to suffocate the beautiful young queen.

When that was managed, the old woman took her daughter, put a cap on her, and laid her in the bed in the queen’s place, gave her also the queen’s form and countenance, only she could not restore the lost eye. So, in order that the king might not remark it, she had to lie on the side where there was no eye.

In the evening, when the king came home and heard that a



little son was born to him, he rejoiced with all his heart, and was going at once to his dear wife's bedside to see how she did. Then the old woman cried hastily,—

“For your life, do not draw back the curtains to let in the light upon her; she must be kept quiet.” So the king went away, and never knew that a false queen was lying in the bed.

Now, when it was midnight and every one was asleep, the nurse, who was sitting by the cradle in the nursery and watching there alone, saw the door open and the true queen come in. She took the child out of the cradle, laid it in her bosom, and fed it. Then she shook out its little pillow, put the child back again, and covered it with the coverlet.

She did not forget the fawn either; she went to him where he lay in the corner, and stroked his back tenderly. Then she went in perfect silence out at the door; and the nurse next morning asked the watchmen if any one had entered the castle during the night, but they said they had seen no one.



And the queen came many nights, and never said a word; the nurse saw her always, but she did not dare speak of it to any one.

After some time had gone by in this manner, the queen seemed to find voice, and said one night,—

“My child, my fawn, twice more I come to see,
Twice more I come, and then the end must be.”

The nurse said nothing; but as soon as the queen had disappeared she went to the king and told him all. The king said,—

“Ah, heaven! what do I hear! I will myself watch by the child to-morrow night.”

So at evening he went into the nursery; and at midnight the queen appeared, and said,—

“My child, my fawn, once more I come to see,
Once more I come, and then the end must be.”



And she tended the child as she was accustomed to do before she vanished. The king dared not speak to her; but he watched again the following night, and heard her say,—

“My child, my fawn, this once I come to see,
This once I come, and now the end must be.”

Then the king could contain himself no longer, but rushed towards her, saying,—

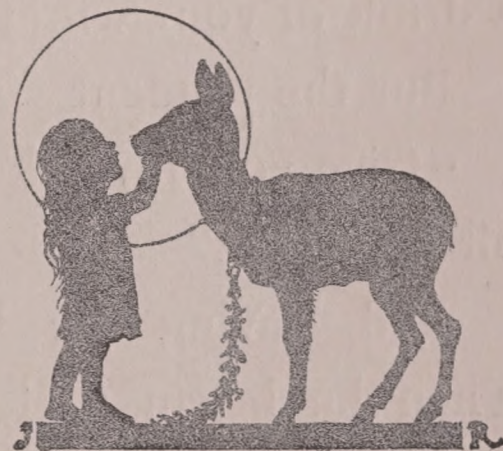
“You are no other than my dear wife!” Then she answered,—

“Yes, I am your dear wife;” and in that moment, by the grace of heaven, her life returned to her, and she was once more well and strong.

Then she told the king the snare that the wicked witch and her daughter had laid for her. The king had them both brought to judgment, and sentence was passed upon them. The daughter was sent away into the wood, where



she was devoured by the wild beasts, and the witch was burned, and ended miserably. And as soon as her body was in ashes the spell was removed from the fawn, and he took human shape again; and then the sister and brother lived happily together until the end.





T H E G O L D E N G O O S E

There was a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called the Simpleton, and was despised, laughed at, and neglected on every occasion. It happened one day that the eldest son wished to go into the forest to cut wood; and before he went his mother gave him a delicious pancake and a flask of wine, that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst. When he came into the forest a little old gray man met him, who wished him good-day, and said,—

“Give me a bit of cake out of your pocket, and let me have a drink of your wine; I am so hungry and thirsty.”

But the prudent youth answered,—

“Give you my cake and my wine? I haven’t got any; be off with you.”

And leaving the little man standing there, he went off. Then he began to fell a tree; but had not been at it long



before he made a wrong stroke, and the hatchet hit him in the arm, so that he was obliged to go home and get it bound up. That was what came of the little gray man.

Afterwards the second son went into the wood; and the mother gave to him, as to the eldest, a pancake and a flask of wine. The little old gray man met him also, and begged for a little bit of cake and a drink of wine. But the second son spoke out plainly, saying,—

“What I give you I lose myself, so be off with you.”

And leaving the little man standing there, he went off. The punishment followed: as he was chopping away at the tree, he hit himself in the leg so severely that he had to be carried home.

Then said the Simpleton,—

“Father, let me go for once into the forest to cut wood;” and the father answered, “Your brothers have hurt themselves by so doing; give it up, you understand nothing about it.”



But the Simpleton went on begging so long that the father said at last,—

“Well, be off with you; you will only learn by experience.”

The mother gave him a cake (it was only made with water, and baked in the ashes), and with it a flask of sour beer. When he came into the forest the little old gray man met him, and greeted him, saying,—

“Give me a bit of your cake, and a drink from your flask; I am so hungry and thirsty.”

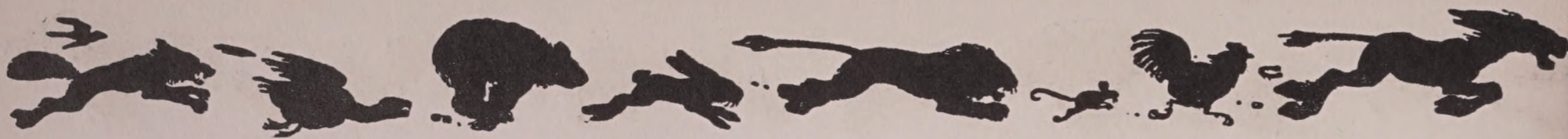
And the Simpleton answered, “I have only a flour-and-water cake and sour beer; but if that is good enough for you, let us sit down together and eat.” Then they sat down; and as the Simpleton took out his flour-and-water cake it became a rich pancake, and his sour beer became good wine; then they ate and drank, and afterwards the little man said,—

“As you have such a kind heart, and share what you have so willingly, I will bestow good luck upon you. Yonder



stands an old tree; cut it down, and at its roots you will find something.” And thereupon the little man took his departure.

The Simpleton went there, and hewed away at the tree; and when it fell he saw, sitting among the roots, a goose with feathers of pure gold. He lifted it out, and took it with him to an inn where he intended to stay the night. The landlord had three daughters who, when they saw the goose, were curious to know what wonderful kind of bird it was, and ended by longing for one of its golden feathers. The eldest thought, “I will wait for a good opportunity, and then I will pull out one of its feathers for myself;” and so, when the Simpleton was gone out, she seized the goose by its wing—but there her finger and hand had to stay, held fast. Soon after came the second sister with the same idea of plucking out one of the golden feathers for herself; but scarcely had she touched her sister than she also was obliged to stay, held fast. Lastly



came the third with the same intentions; but the others screamed out,—

“Stay away! for Heaven’s sake, stay away!”

But she did not see why she should stay away, and thought, “If they do so, why should not I?” and went towards them. But when she reached her sisters there she stopped, hanging on with them. And so they had to stay all night. The next morning the Simpleton took the goose under his arm and went away, unmindful of the three girls that hung on to it. The three had always to run after him, left and right, wherever his legs carried him. In the midst of the fields they met the parson, who, when he saw the procession, said,—

“Shame on you, girls, running after a young fellow through the fields like this;” and forthwith he seized hold of the youngest by the hand to drag her away, but hardly had he touched her when he too was obliged to run after them himself. Not long after the sexton came that way; and



seeing the respected parson following at the heels of the three girls, he called out,—

“Ho, your reverence, whither away so quickly? You forget that we have another christening to-day;” and he seized hold of him by his gown; but no sooner had he touched him than he was obliged to follow on too. As the five tramped on, one after another, two peasants with their hoes came up from the fields; and the parson cried out to them, and begged them to come and set him and the sexton free, but no sooner had they touched the sexton than they had to follow on too; and now there were seven following the Simpleton and the goose.

By and by they came to a town where a king reigned, who had an only daughter who was so serious that no one could make her laugh; therefore the king had given out that whoever should make her laugh should have her in marriage. The Simpleton, when he heard this, went with his goose and his hangers-on into the presence of the king's daughter; and as



soon as she saw the seven people following always one after the other, she burst out laughing, and seemed as if she could never stop. And so the Simpleton earned a right to her as his bride; but the king did not like him for a son-in-law, and made all kinds of objections, and said he must first bring a man who could drink up a whole cellar of wine. The Simpleton thought that the little gray man would be able to help him, and went out into the forest; and there, on the very spot where he felled the tree, he saw a man sitting with a very sad countenance. The Simpleton asked him what was the matter, and he answered,—

“I have a great thirst, which I cannot quench: cold water does not agree with me; I have indeed drunk up a whole cask of wine, but what good is a drop like that?”

Then said the Simpleton,—

“I can help you; only come with me, and you shall have enough.”
He took him straight to the king’s cellar; and the man sat



The Sheriff makes the Princess and her dog.





himself down before the big vats, and drank and drank, and before a day was over he had drunk up the whole cellarfull. The Simpleton again asked for his bride; but the king was annoyed that a wretched fellow called the Simpleton by everybody should carry off his daughter, and so he made new conditions. He was to produce a man who could eat up a mountain of bread. The Simpleton did not hesitate long, but ran quickly off to the forest; and there in the same place sat a man who had fastened a strap round his body, making a very piteous face, and saying,—

“I have eaten a whole bake-house full of rolls, but what is the use of that when one is so hungry as I am? My stomach feels quite empty, and I am obliged to strap myself together that I may not die of hunger.”

The Simpleton was quite glad of this, and said,—

“Get up quickly and come along with me, and you shall have enough to eat.”



He led him straight to the king's courtyard, where all the meal in the kingdom had been collected and baked into a mountain of bread. The man out of the forest settled himself down before it and hastened to eat, and in one day the whole mountain had disappeared.

Then the Simpleton asked for his bride the third time. The king, however, found one more excuse, and said he must have a ship that should be able to sail on land or on water.

"So soon," said he, "as you come sailing along with it, you shall have my daughter for your wife."

The Simpleton went straight to the forest, and there sat the little old gray man with whom he had shared his cake, and he said,—

"I have eaten for you, and I have drunk for you, I will also give you the ship; and all because you were kind to me at the first."

Then he gave him the ship that could sail on land and



on water, and when the king saw it he knew he could no longer withhold his daughter. The marriage took place immediately; and at the death of the king the Simpleton possessed the kingdom and lived long and happily with his wife.





T H E G A L L A N T T A I L O R

One summer morning a little tailor was sitting on his board near the window, and working cheerfully with all his might, when an old woman came down the street crying,—

“Good jelly to sell! good jelly to sell!”

The cry sounded pleasant in the little tailor’s ears; so he put his head out of the window, and called out,—

“Here, my good woman—come here, if you want a customer.”

So the poor woman climbed the steps with her heavy basket, and was obliged to unpack and display all her pots to the tailor. He looked at every one of them, and lifting all the lids, applied his nose to each, and said at last,—

“The jelly seems pretty good; you may weigh me out four half-ounces, or I don’t mind having a quarter of a pound.”

The woman, who had expected to find a good customer,



gave him what he asked for, but went off angry and grumbling.

“This jelly is the very thing for me,” cried the little tailor, “it will give me strength and cunning;” and he took down the bread from the cupboard, cut a whole round of the loaf, and spread the jelly on it, laid it near him, and went on stitching more gallantly than ever. All the while the scent of the sweet jelly was spreading throughout the room, where there were quantities of flies, who were attracted by it and flew to partake.

“Now, then, who asked you to come?” said the tailor, and drove the unbidden guests away. But the flies, not understanding his language, were not to be got rid of like that, and returned in larger numbers than before. Then the tailor, not being able to stand it any longer, took from his chimney-corner a ragged cloth, and saying,—

“Now, I’ll let you have it!” beat it among them unmerci-



fully. When he ceased, and counted the slain, he found seven lying dead before him.

“This is indeed somewhat,” he said, wondering at his own gallantry; “the whole town shall know this.”

So he hastened to cut out a belt, and he stitched it, and put on it in large capital letters, “Seven at one blow!”

“The town, did I say!” said the little tailor; “the whole world shall know it!” And his heart quivered with joy, like a lamb’s tail.

The tailor fastened the belt round him, and began to think of going out into the world, for his workshop seemed too small for his worship. So he looked about in all the house for something that it would be useful to take with him; but he found nothing but an old cheese, which he put in his pocket. Outside the door he noticed that a bird had got caught in the bushes, so he took that and put it in his pocket with the cheese. Then he set out gallantly on his way, and as he was light and



active he felt no fatigue. The way led over a mountain; and when he reached the topmost peak he saw a terrible giant sitting there, and looking about him at his ease. The tailor went bravely up to him, called out to him, and said,—

“Comrade, good day! there you sit looking over the wide world! I am on my way thither to seek my fortune: have you a fancy to go with me?”

The giant looked at the tailor contemptuously, and said,—

“You little rascal! you miserable fellow!”

“That may be!” answered the little tailor, and undoing his coat he showed the giant his belt; “you can read there whether I am a man or not!”

The giant read: “Seven at one blow!” and thinking it meant men that the tailor had killed, felt at once more respect for the little fellow. But as he wanted to prove him, he took up a stone and squeezed it so hard that water came out of it.



“Now you can do that,” said the giant; “that is, if you have the strength for it.”

“That’s not much,” said the little tailor; “I call that play.” And he put his hand in his pocket and took out the cheese and squeezed it, so that the whey ran out of it.

“Well,” said he, “what do you think of that?”

The giant did not know what to say to it, for he could not have believed it of the little man. Then the giant took up a stone and threw it so high that it was nearly out of sight.

“Now, little fellow, suppose you do that!”

“Well thrown,” said the tailor; “but the stone fell back to earth again. I will throw you one that will never come back. So he felt in his pocket, took out the bird, and threw it into the air. And the bird, when it found itself at liberty, took wing, flew off, and returned no more.

“What do you think of that, comrade?” asked the tailor.



“There is no doubt that you can throw,” said the giant; “but we will see if you can carry.”

He led the little tailor to a mighty oak-tree which had been felled, and was lying on the ground, and said,—

“Now, if you are strong enough, help me to carry this tree out of the wood.”

“Willingly,” answered the little man; “you take the trunk on your shoulders, I will take the branches with all their foliage, that is much the most difficult.”

So the giant took the trunk on his shoulders, and the tailor seated himself on a branch; and the giant, who could not see what he was doing, had the whole tree to carry, and the little man on it as well. And the little man was very cheerful and merry, and whistled the tune: “*There were three tailors riding by,*” as if carrying the tree was mere child’s play. The giant, when he had struggled on under his heavy load a part of the way, was tired out, and cried,—



“Look here, I must let go the tree!”

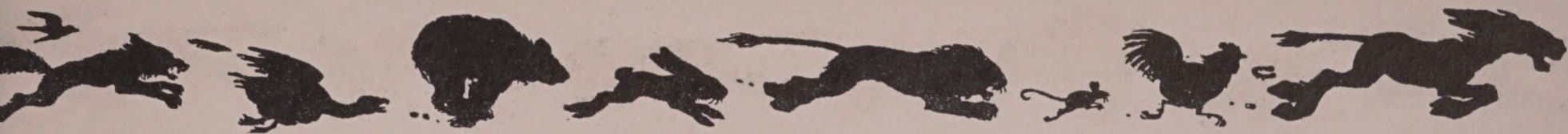
The tailor jumped off quickly, and taking hold of the tree with both arms, as if he were carrying it, said to the giant,—

“You see you can’t carry the tree though you are such a big fellow!”

They went on together a little farther, and presently they came to a cherry-tree; and the giant took hold of the topmost branches, where the ripest fruit hung, and pulling them downwards, gave them to the tailor to hold, bidding him eat. But the little tailor was much too weak to hold the tree, and as the giant let go, the tree sprang back, and the tailor was caught up into the air. And when he dropped down again without any damage, the giant said to him,—

“How is this? haven’t you strength enough to hold such a weak sprig as that?”

“It is not strength that is lacking,” answered the little tailor; “how should it to one who has slain seven at one blow! I just



jumped over the tree because the hunters are shooting down there in the bushes. You jump it too, if you can.”

The giant made the attempt, and not being able to vault the tree, he remained hanging in the branches, so that once more the little tailor got the better of him. Then said the giant,—

“As you are such a gallant fellow, suppose you come with me to our den, and stay the night.”

The tailor was quite willing, and he followed him. When they reached the den, there sat some other giants by the fire, and each had a roasted sheep in his hand, and was eating it. The little tailor looked round and thought,—

“There is more elbow-room here than in my workshop.”

And the giant showed him a bed, and told him he had better lie down upon it and go to sleep. The bed was, however, too big for the tailor, so he did not stay in it, but crept into a corner to sleep. As soon as it was midnight the giant got up,



took a great staff of iron, and beat the bed through with one stroke, and supposed he had made an end of that grasshopper of a tailor. Very early in the morning the giants went into the wood and forgot all about the little tailor; and when they saw him coming after them alive and merry, they were terribly frightened, and, thinking he was going to kill them, they ran away in all haste.

So the little tailor marched on, always following his nose. And after he had gone a great way he entered the courtyard belonging to a king's palace, and there he felt so overpowered with fatigue that he lay down and fell asleep. In the meanwhile came various people, who looked at him very curiously, and read on his belt, "Seven at one blow!"

"Oh!" said they, "why should this great lord come here in time of peace? What a mighty champion he must be!"

Then they went and told the king about him; and they thought that if war should break out what a worthy and useful



man he would be, and that he ought not to be allowed to depart at any price. The king then summoned his council, and sent one of his courtiers to the little tailor to beg him, so soon as he should wake up, to consent to serve in the king's army. So the messenger stood and waited at the sleeper's side until his limbs began to stretch, and his eyes to open, and then he carried his answer back. And the answer was,—

“That was the reason for which I came,” said the little tailor; “I am ready to enter the king's service.”

So he was received into it very honorably, and a separate dwelling set apart for him.

But the rest of the soldiers were very much set against the little tailor, and they wished him a thousand miles away.

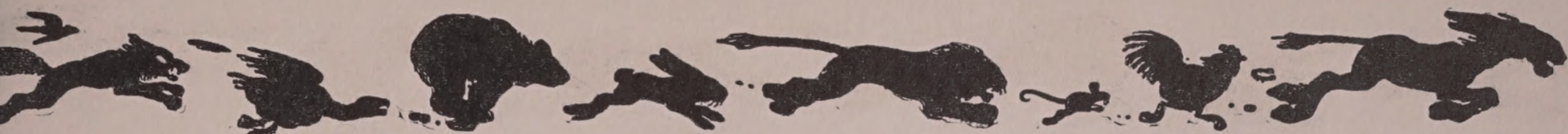
“What shall be done about it?” they said among themselves; “if we pick a quarrel and fight with him, then seven of us will fall at each blow. That will be of no good to us.”



So they came to a resolution, and went all together to the king to ask for their discharge.

“We never intended,” said they, “to serve with a man who kills seven at a blow.”

The king felt sorry to lose all his faithful servants because of one man; and he wished that he had never seen him, and would willingly get rid of him if he might. But he did not dare to dismiss the little tailor for fear he should kill all the king's people, and place himself upon the throne. He thought a long while about it, and at last made up his mind what to do. He sent for the little tailor, and told him that as he was so great a warrior he had a proposal to make to him. He told him that in a wood in his dominions dwelt two giants, who did great damage by robbery, murder, and fire, and that no man durst go near them for fear of his life. But that if the tailor should overcome and slay both these giants the king would give him his only daughter in marriage, and half his



kingdom as dowry, and that a hundred horsemen should go with him to give him assistance.

“That would be something for a man like me!” thought the little tailor; “a beautiful princess and half a kingdom are not to be had every day;” and he said to the king,—

“Oh, yes, I can soon overcome the giants, and yet have no need of the hundred horsemen; he who can kill seven at one blow need not be afraid of two.”

So the little tailor set out, and the hundred horsemen followed him. When he came to the border of the wood he said to his escort,—

“Stay here while I go to attack the giants.”

Then he sprang into the wood, and looked about him right and left. After a while he caught sight of the two giants. They were lying down under a tree asleep, and snoring so that all the branches shook. The little tailor, all alive, filled both his pockets with stones and climbed up into the tree, and made



his way to an overhanging bough, so that he could seat himself just above the sleepers; and from there he let one stone after another fall on the chest of one of the giants. For a long time the giant was quite unaware of this; but at last he waked up and pushed his comrade, and said,—

“What are you hitting me for?”

“You are dreaming,” said the other; “I am not touching you.” And they composed themselves again to sleep, and the tailor let fall a stone on the other giant.

“What can that be?” cried he; “what are you casting at me?”

“I am casting nothing at you,” answered the first, grumbling.

They disputed about it for a while; but as they were tired, they gave it up at last, and their eyes closed once more. Then the little tailor began his game anew, picked out a heavier stone, and threw it down with force upon the first giant’s chest.



“This is too much!” cried he, and sprang up like a madman, and struck his companion such a blow that the tree shook above them. The other paid him back with ready coin; and they fought with such fury that they tore up trees by their roots to use for weapons against each other, so that at last they both of them lay dead upon the ground. And now the little tailor got down.

“Another piece of luck!” said he,—“that the tree I was sitting in did not get torn up too, or else I should have had to jump like a squirrel from one tree to another.”

Then he drew his sword, and gave each of the giants a few hacks in the breast, and went back to the horsemen and said,—

“The deed is done; I have made an end of both of them; but it went hard with me. In the struggle they rooted up trees to defend themselves, but it was of no use, they had to do with a man who can kill seven at one blow.”



“Then are you not wounded?” asked the horsemen.

“Nothing of the sort,” answered the tailor; “I have not turned a hair.”

The horsemen still would not believe it, and rode into the wood to see; and there they found the giants wallowing in their blood, and all about them lying the uprooted trees.

The little tailor then claimed the promised boon; but the king repented him of his offer, and he sought again how to rid himself of the hero.

“Before you can possess my daughter and the half of my kingdom,” said he to the tailor, “you must perform another heroic act. In the wood lives a unicorn who does great damage; you must secure him.”

“A unicorn does not strike more terror into me than two giants. Seven at one blow—that is my way,” was the tailor’s answer.

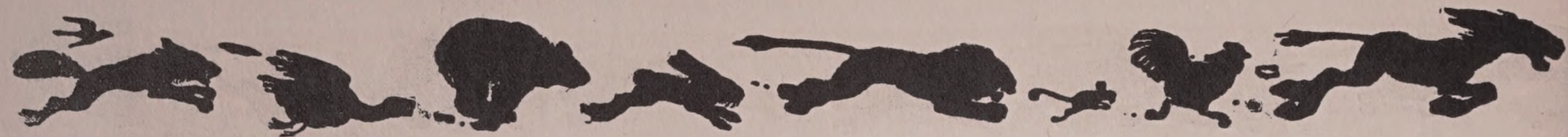


So, taking a rope and an axe with him, he went out into the wood, and told those who were ordered to attend him to wait outside. He had not far to seek; the unicorn soon came out and sprang at him, as if he would make an end of him without delay.

“Softly, softly,” said he, “most haste, worst speed;” and remained standing until the animal came quite near; then he slipped quietly behind a tree. The unicorn ran with all his might against the tree and stuck his horn so deep into the trunk that he could not get it out again, and so was taken.

“Now I have you,” said the tailor, coming out from behind the tree; and, putting the rope round the unicorn’s neck, he took the axe, set free the horn, and when all his party were assembled he led forth the animal and brought it to the king.

The king did not yet wish to give him the promised reward,



and set him a third task to do. Before the wedding could take place the tailor was to secure a wild boar which had done a great deal of damage in the wood.

The huntsmen were to accompany him.

“All right,” said the tailor, “this is child’s play.”

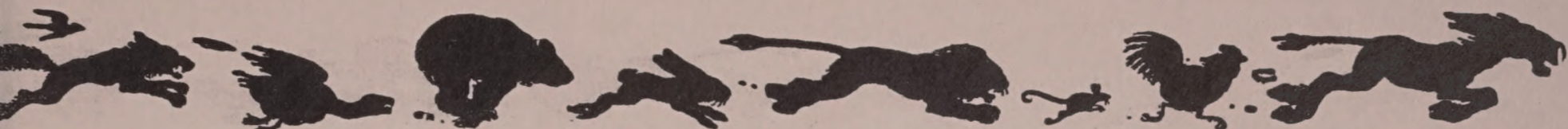
But he did not take the huntsmen into the wood, and they were all the better pleased; for the wild boar had many a time before received them in such a way that they had no fancy to disturb him. When the boar caught sight of the tailor he ran at him with foaming mouth and gleaming tusks to bear him to the ground; but the nimble hero rushed into a chapel which chanced to be near, and jumped quickly out of a window on the other side. The boar ran after him, and when he got inside the door shut after him, and there he was imprisoned; for the creature was too big and unwieldy to jump out of the window too.

Then the little tailor called the huntsmen that they might



The terrible unicorn is caught by the nimble Tabor.





see the prisoner with their own eyes; and then he betook himself to the king, who now, whether he liked it or not, was obliged to fulfil his promise, and give him his daughter and the half of his kingdom. But if he had known that the great warrior was only a little tailor he would have taken it still more to heart. So the wedding was celebrated with great splendor and little joy, and the tailor was made into a king.

One night the young queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying,—

“Now, boy, make me that waistcoat and patch me those breeches, or I will lay my yard-measure about your shoulders!”

And so, as she perceived of what low birth her husband was, she went to her father the next morning and told him all, and begged him to set her free from a man who was nothing better than a tailor. The king bade her be comforted, saying,—



“To-night leave your bedroom door open: my guard shall stand outside, and when he is asleep they shall come in and bind him, and carry him off to a ship, and he shall be sent to the other side of the world.”

So the wife felt consoled; but the king's water-bearer, who had been listening all the while, went to the little tailor and disclosed to him the whole plan.

“I shall put a stop to all this,” said he.

At night he lay down as usual in bed; and when his wife thought he was asleep, she got up, opened the door and lay down again. The little tailor, who only made believe to be asleep, began to murmur plainly,—

“Now, boy, make me that waistcoat and patch me those breeches, or I will lay my yard-measure about your shoulders! I have slain seven at one blow, killed two giants, caught a unicorn, and taken a wild boar, and shall I be afraid of those who are standing outside my room door?”



And when they heard the tailor say this, a great fear seized them; they fled away as if they had been wild hares, and none of them would venture to attack him.

And so the little tailor all his lifetime remained a king.





THE MOUSE, THE BIRD AND THE SAUSAGE

Once on a time, a mouse and a bird and a sausage lived and kept house together in perfect peace among themselves, and in great prosperity. It was the bird's business to fly to the forest every day and bring back wood. The mouse had to draw the water, make the fire, and set the table; and the sausage had to do the cooking. Nobody is content in this world; much will have more! One day the bird met another bird on the way, and told him of his excellent condition in life. But the other bird called him a poor simpleton to do so much work, while the two others led easy lives at home.

When the mouse had made up her fire and drawn water, she went to rest in her little room until it was time to lay the cloth. The sausage stayed by the saucepans, looked to it that the victuals were well cooked, and just before dinner-time he stirred the broth or the stew three or four times well round





himself, so as to enrich and season and flavor it. Then the bird used to come home and lay down his load; and they sat down to table, and after a good meal they would go to bed and sleep their fill till the next morning. It really was a most satisfactory life.

But the bird came to the resolution next day never again to fetch wood. He had, he said, been their slave long enough; now they must change about and make a new arrangement. So in spite of all the mouse and the sausage could say, the bird was determined to have his own way. So they drew lots to settle it. And it fell so that the sausage was to fetch wood; the mouse was to cook; and the bird was to draw water.

Now see what happened. The sausage went away after wood, the bird made up the fire, and the mouse put on the pot, and they waited until the sausage should come home, bringing the wood for the next day. But the sausage was absent so long, that they thought something must have hap-



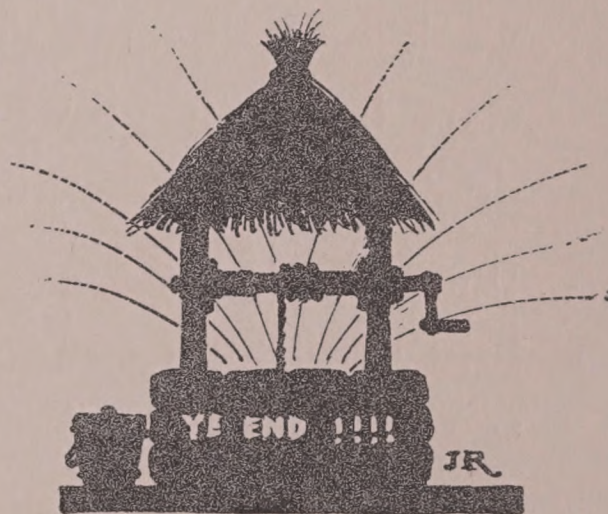
pened to him; and the bird went part of the way to see if he could see anything of him. Not far off he met with a dog on the road, who, looking upon the sausage as lawful prey, had picked him up, and made an end of him. The bird then lodged a complaint against the dog as an open and flagrant robber; but it was all no good, as the dog declared that he had found forged letters upon the sausage, so that he deserved to lose his life.

The bird then very sadly took up the wood and carried it home himself, and related to the mouse all he had seen and heard. They were both very troubled, but determined to look on the bright side of things, and still to remain together. And so the bird laid the cloth, and the mouse prepared the food, and finally got into the pot, as the sausage used to do, to stir and flavor the broth; but then she had to part with fur and skin, and lastly with life!

And when the bird came to dish up the dinner, there



was no cook to be seen; and he turned over the heap of wood, and looked and looked, but the cook never appeared again. By accident the wood caught fire, and the bird hastened to fetch water to put it out. But he let fall the bucket in the well, and himself after it; and as he could not get out again, he was obliged to be drowned.



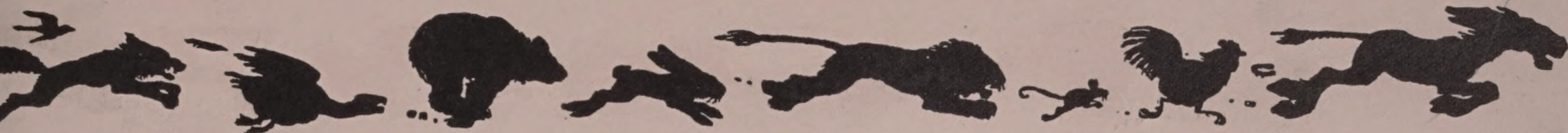


LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

There was once a sweet little maid, much beloved by everybody, but most of all by her grandmother, who never knew how to make enough of her. Once she sent her a little riding hood of red velvet; and as it was very becoming to her, and she never wore anything else, people called her Little Red Riding Hood. One day her mother said to her,—

“Come, Little Red Riding Hood, here are some cakes and a flask of wine for you to take to grandmother; she is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Make haste and start before it grows hot, and walk properly and nicely, and don’t run, or you might fall and break the flask of wine, and there would be none left for grandmother. And when you go into her room, don’t forget to say ‘Good-morning,’ instead of staring about you.”

“I will be sure to take care,” said Little Red Riding Hood



to her mother, and gave her hand upon it. Now, the grandmother lived away in the wood, half-an-hour's walk from the village; and when Little Red Riding Hood had reached the wood, she met the wolf; but as she did not know what a bad sort of animal he was, she did not feel frightened.

“Good-day, Little Red Riding Hood,” said he.

“Thank you kindly, Wolf,” answered she.

“Where are you going so early, Little Red Riding Hood?”

“To my grandmother’s.”

“What are you carrying under your apron?”

“Cakes and wine; we baked yesterday; and my grandmother is very weak and ill, so they will do her good, and strengthen her.”

“Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?”

“A quarter-of-an-hour's walk from here; her house stands beneath the three oak-trees, and you may know it by the



hazel-bushes," said Little Red Riding Hood. The wolf thought to himself,—

"That tender young thing would be a delicious morsel, and would taste better than the old one; I must manage somehow to get both of them."

Then he walked by Little Red Riding Hood a little while, and said,—

"Little Red Riding Hood just look at the pretty flowers that are growing all round you, and I don't think you are listening to the song of the birds; you are posting along just as if you were going to school, and it is so delightful out here in the wood."

Little Red Riding Hood glanced round her; and when she saw the sunbeams darting here and there through the trees, and lovely flowers everywhere, she thought to herself,—

"If I were to take a fresh nosegay to my grandmother she would be very pleased, and it is so early in the day that I shall



reach her in plenty of time;" and so she ran about in the wood, looking for flowers. And as she picked one she saw a still prettier one a little farther off, and so she went farther and farther into the wood. But the wolf went straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" cried the grandmother.

"Little Red Riding Hood," he answered; "and I have brought you some cake and wine. Please open the door."

"Lift the latch," cried the grandmother; "I am too feeble to get up."

So the wolf lifted the latch, and the door flew open; and he fell on the grandmother and ate her up without saying one word. Then he drew on her clothes, put on her cap, lay down in her bed, and drew the curtains.

Little Red Riding Hood was all this time running about among the flowers; and when she had gathered as many as she could hold, she remembered her grandmother, and set off to go



to her. She was surprised to find the door standing open; and when she came inside she felt very strange, and thought to herself,—

“Oh, dear, how uncomfortable I feel; and I was so glad this morning to go to my grandmother!”

And when she said “Good morning,” there was no answer. Then she went up to the bed and drew back the curtains. There lay the grandmother with her cap pulled over her eyes, so that she looked very odd.

“O grandmother, what large ears you have got!”

“The better to hear with.”

“O grandmother, what great eyes you have got!”

“The better to see with.”

“O grandmother, what large hands you have got!”

“The better to take hold of you with.”

“But, grandmother, what a terrible large mouth you have got!”

“The better to devour you!” And no sooner had the wolf



said it than he made one bound from the bed, and swallowed up poor Little Red Riding Hood.

Then the wolf, having satisfied his hunger, lay down again in the bed, went to sleep, and began to snore loudly. The huntsman heard him as he was passing by the house, and thought,—

“How the old woman snores! I had better see if there is anything the matter with her.”

Then he went into the room, and walked up to the bed, and saw the wolf lying there.

“At last I find you, you old sinner!” said he; “I have been looking for you a long time.” And he made up his mind that the wolf had swallowed the grandmother whole, and that she might yet be saved. So he did not fire, but took a pair of shears and began to slit up the wolf’s body. When he made a few snips, Little Red Riding Hood appeared, and after a few more snips she jumped out and cried, “Oh, dear, how frightened



I have been! it is so dark inside the wolf.” And then out came the old grandmother, still living and breathing. But Little Red Riding Hood went and quickly fetched some large stones, with which she filled the wolf’s body; so that when he waked up, and was going to rush away, the stones were so heavy that he sank down and fell dead.

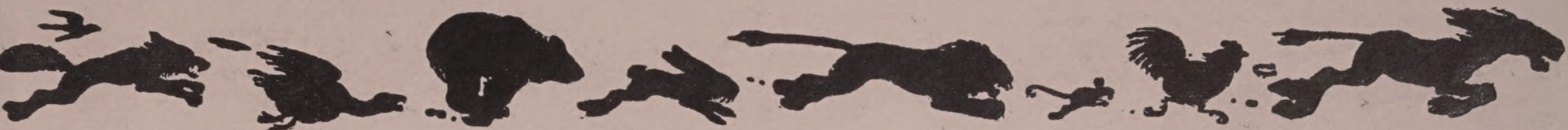
They were all three very pleased. The huntsman took off the wolf’s skin, and carried it home. The grandmother ate the cakes, and drank the wine, and held up her head again; and Little Red Riding Hood said to herself that she would never more stray about in the wood alone, but would mind what her mother told her.

It must also be related how a few days afterwards, when Little Red Riding Hood was again taking cakes to her grandmother, another wolf spoke to her, and wanted to tempt her to leave the path; but she was on her guard, and went straight on her way, and told her grandmother how that the wolf had met



he Wicked Wolf falls into the Tabor





her, and wished her good-day, but had looked so wicked about the eyes that she thought if it had not been on the high road he would have devoured her.

“Come,” said the grandmother, “we will shut the door, so that he may not get in.”

Soon after came the wolf knocking at the door, and calling out, “Open the door, grandmother, I am Little Red Riding Hood, bringing you cakes.” But they remained still, and did not open the door. After that the wolf slunk by the house, and got at last upon the roof to wait until Little Red Riding Hood should return home in the evening; then he meant to spring down upon her, and devour her in the darkness. But the grandmother discovered his plot. Now, there stood before the house a great stone trough; and the grandmother said to the child, “Little Red Riding Hood, I was boiling sausages yesterday, so take the bucket, and carry away the water they were boiled in, and pour it into the trough.”



And Little Red Riding Hood did so until the great trough was quite full. When the smell of the sausages reached the nose of the wolf he snuffed it up, and looked round, and stretched out his neck so far that he lost his balance and began to slip; and he slipped down off the roof straight into the great trough, and was drowned. Then Little Red Riding Hood went cheerfully home, and came to no harm.



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